THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

MUSIC FOR CELLO AND HARP

Concerto Grosso in D minor — Antonio Vivaldi - Varga
Allegro
Largo
Allegro

Suite, Op. 95 — Emanuel Moór
Andante sostenuto
Molto allegro
Adagio
Allegro con brio

THE UNIVERSITY CELLO QUARTET
Claude Kenneson, Lois Upright, Joan Bosmans, Sylvia Mastalish

INTERMISSION

Spanish Dance — Enrique Granados
Le Cygne (Claude Kenneson, cello soloist) — Camille Saint-Saens

THE UNIVERSITY HARP ENSEMBLE
Isobel Moore, director
Sylvia Van Kirk, Irene Kunda, Judith Short, Marnie Lester

Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5 — Heitor Villa-Lobos
Aria
Dansa

THE UNIVERSITY CELLO ENSEMBLE
Claude Kenneson, director
Carmen Tellier Bourret, soprano, guest artist
James Whittle, conductor
Lois Upright, Joan Bosmans, Walter Meyer, Doreen Wakefield, Barbara Fraser, Irene Harvie, Sylvia Mastalish, Claude Kenneson

Sunday, March 9, 1969 — Convocation Hall
8:30 p.m. — Arts Building

COMING EVENTS:

Monday, March 10, at 12 noon in Convocation Hall - Workshop Concert with Bachelor of Music students and others.

Tuesday, March 11, at 4:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Piano Recital, Ellen Zinger. Music by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Kabalevsky will be performed.

Wednesday, March 12, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - The Orford String Quartet for The Edmonton Chamber Music Society. Members only.

Thursday, March 13, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Piano Recital, Evelyn Robinson. The program will include music of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Debussy, and Khachaturian.

Friday, March 14, at 4:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall - Piano Recital, Mary-Lou Cleveland.

Che fiero costume

What ruthless ways has the winged god
By wounding us he makes us fall in love
And so, in my passion, the traitorous god
Made me fall in love with a pretty face.

What a cruel fate that a blind infant
With a childish face commands our respect
Yet this little tyrant with fiendish trickery
By affecting my vision has made me suffer.

Addio

Fare thee well, o earth's dear daughter,
Angels watched thy sleeping
And stole thy soul today.
Ah me! Never more thy happy laughter,
Tender smiling, sweet beguiling,
Or soft and gentle wiling,
Will drive my grief and care away.
Life no further joy can lend me
Should thy loving spirit leave desolate my
Ah then, let thy sweet compassion way.
send me loving guidance,
Nor refusing, leave me lonely, in mournful
musing.
But in thy gentle pity stay.
Till that hour when death shall call me
From this world of anguish
Be near, my soul to guide.
Let me feel thy spirit
Still hovers near my side,
Till face to face we meet.
Farewell then, beloved, farewell.

Nell

Your purple rose in your brilliant sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated,
Bend toward me, too, your golden cup;
My heart and your rose are alike
Under the soft shelter of shady boughs
Sounds a voluptuous sigh;

And turtle doves coo in the spreading wood,
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.
How sweet is your pearl in the flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
Which shines in my heart, my charmed heart!
The singing sea, along the shore,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
'Ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

Au Cimetière

Happy he who dies here,
Like the birds of the fields!
His body, beside his friends,
Is laid in the grass amidst the songs.
He sleeps a good and rosy sleep,
Under the radiant sky.
All those he has known come to
bid him a long good-bye.
At his cross his relatives, weeping,
Remain on their knees;
And his bones, under the flowers, with tears
Are gently moistened.
On the black headboard everyone
Can see if he was young or not,
And can, with true regret,
Call him by his name.
How much more unfortunate are they
Who die upon the seas,
And under the deep wave
Go far from the beloved land!
Oh! poor ones! Who for their only shroud
Have the green seaweeds,
Where they roll, unknown, unclothed,
And with eyes wide open!

Les Berceaux

Along the quay, the large ships,
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,
But the day of farewells will come,
For the women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the large ships,
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

Wie schnell verschwindet so licht als Glanz

As quickly as a glance vanishes
Morning finds clouded over the garland
That yesterday glowed in all splendor
Then withered in the dark night.
So the wave of life flows on
Colors itself bright, but gains nothing.
The sun sets, the redness disappears
The shadows deepen and darkness extends.
So love moves on toward a desert
Ah! that it could remain until death
But we wake to a deeper torment
The boat breaks, the ray is quenched
From beautiful lands wide roads lead
to barren shores
Where all around us is Night.

Traun! Bogen und Pfeil sind gut für den Feind

Ho! Bow and arrow are good for the foe
Helpless always the wretched one weeps.
Salvation blossoms from the noble one
Where the sun always shines
The rocks are steep
But Fortune is his friend.